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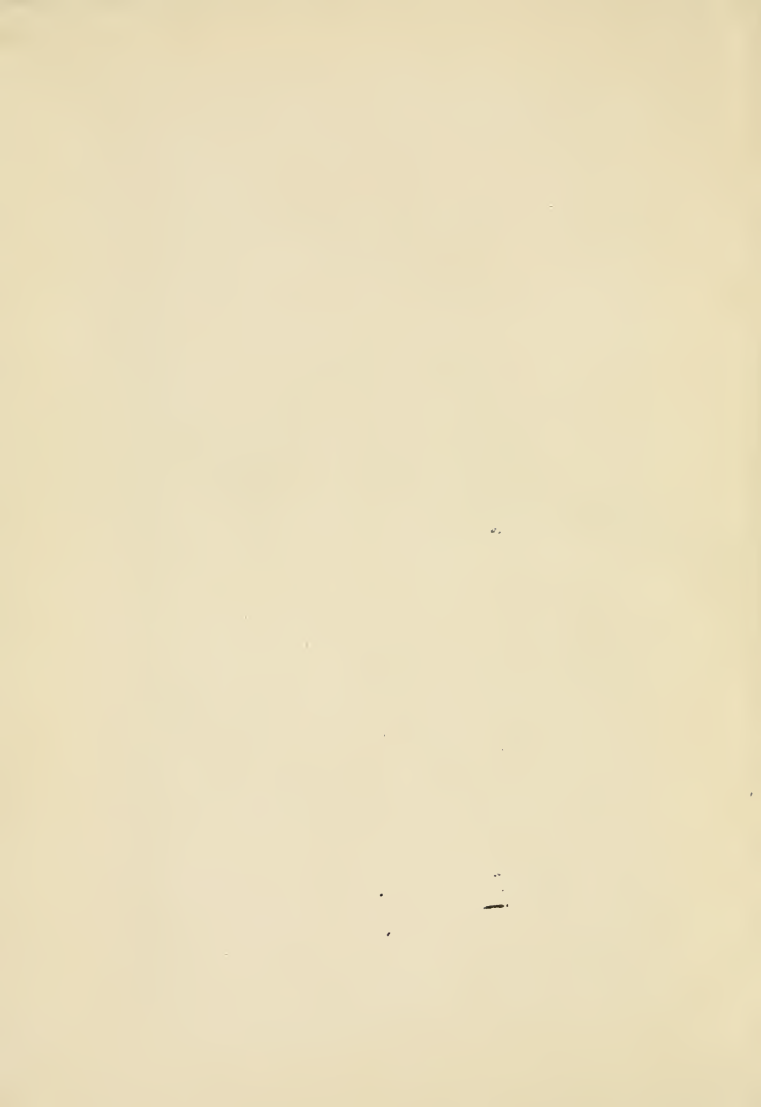
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Schrage, nee Dorothea Auguste Gunhilde

PETUNIA BLOSSOMS

Ballads and Poems

BY

DOROTHEA AUGUSTE GUNHILDE

WIFE OF

WILLIAM F. SCHRAGE

PS3537
C65P4
1921

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BY
MRS. WILLIAM F. SCHRAGE
KANSAS CITY, MO.

PUBLISHED BY
THE GATE CITY PRESS
KANSAS CITY, MO.

MAR 29 1921
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2413 2 Apr. 1921

To
My Beloved Husband,
WILLIAM F. SCHRAGE
to whom I dedicate
this book.

CONTENTS

Petunia Blossoms	7
A Tribute to Thirty-Second St.	9
You Greenhorn	11
Baby	13
Jack's Christmas	14
Is Marriage a Failure	16
A Big Red Apple	19
Little Mischiefs	21
Christmas in Norway	23
Our Flag	26
Love is a Blossom	28
The Three Bears	30
Christmas Eve	32
Young Innocence	33
Good-By, Daddy	35
The Bird of Paradise	36
My Faithful Shoes	38
Not Big Like Me	41
A Fair Young Bride	43
Two Little Red Birds	44
Coming Home	46
Colorado	47
Mrs. O'Day	48
In Memoriam	49

CONTENTS

Divorced	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	50
Mother	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	54
Ascension Day	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	56
Your Star	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	59
A Moth	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	60
Lonely	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	61
Playtime	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	62
My Lillian	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	63
Swope Park	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	64
A Letter to a Friend	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	66
Sweet Sixteen	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	67
A Soldier's Son	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	68
An Old Clock	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	69
A Wedding Anniversary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	71
Sing	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	72
Kindness	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	73
Roses	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	74
There Is a Time	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	75
Rural Baptizing Years Ago	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	77
Leaving the Old Home	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	80

Petunia Blossoms.

Oh, beautiful petunias, how lovely you grow,
Some purple, some crimson and some white as snow;
Your colors are like the rainbow bending o'er,
And your scent comes into my windows and door.

Your seeds were so tiny, I scarce could conceive,
When you came up profusely, one can hardly believe
That blossoms like these, such wee little mites
Could produce in my garden such wonderful sights.

When once you are planted when Spring comes around,
Multiplied by hundreds you'd peep through the ground;
Awaiting the heat, the Sun and the rain
In the sweet early summer to grow lovely again.

You come every year, you make my heart glad
With such beautiful blossoms, how can I be sad?
The humming bird loves you, they come every day
And drink of your nectar, so softly and gay.

PETUNIA BLOSSOMS

Even the bee gets much of his sweetness from you
In the early morning—your petals with dew,
And hover around you; your blossoms they love,
As you hold up your faces to Heaven above.

The Autumn is coming, with its wind and cold;
Again down to earth will you enfold,
That in the Spring your strength may return;
For you, lovely petunias, my heart will still yearn.

A Tribute to Thirty-Second Street.

Just south of the heart of this Great Midwest Town,
Is the dearest little street I ever have known;
The homes are kept up with pride and care,
And the lawns with beautiful flowers rare;
Years have been many for some of us here,
On this little street that we all hold so dear.

Our children were wee things when we came out here,
But now all is changed; some are gone, some are near;
But our children's children have come to bless;
It's a gift from Heaven—such love to possess;
Were our children so sweet, so glad and so merry,
With cheeks like rose buds, and lips like the cherry.

The trees were but saplings, when we came out here,
From the Sun have protected us many a year,
And have grown up so high their branches meet,
And form a cathedral nave over the street;
And the birds in the mornings, their anthems to heav'n raise,
'Til you would think their throats would burst in their praise.

A TRIBUTE TO THIRTY-SECOND ST.

This little street lies between Main and McGee,
Out on Thirty-second. Do come, and see.
If I say that I love you, believe me, it's true,
And so do the neighbors think a great deal of you.
When I have been away and return, then I see
You're like an old sweetheart welcoming me.

You Greenhorn.

Vacation is over, school opens today;
Pleasures are laid aside, no time for play;
But your happy children, who the language know,
It makes it much easier to school to go.

When I was a child in the first primer class,
I knew not the language—was a shy little lass;
For we had only a few months before
Arrived in this country from cold Bergen's shore.

I remember so well, the first day my ma took me
To school; how I trembled and blushed I still see.
The sweet lady teacher took me by the hand,
And said in a short time I would understand.

She patted my cheek; oh, how happy was I
To have found a friend—I wanted to cry
For happiness, only the world seemed so cold,
Although I was less than seven years old.

YOU GREENHORN

A boy of my own age, across the aisle,
Ev'ry now and then would look at me and smile;
Then after school, he came to my side;
"You Greenhorn; you Greenhorn," loudly he cried.

I ran home like a deer—for I felt such shame,
This, the first day in school, and be called a bad name.
I tip-toed quietly and whispered in mother's ear,
For I didn't want little sister such naughty words to hear.

But after this day, I had never a fear,
For she said little fairies are always near
To protect little children from danger they keep,
Even at night when they are asleep.

Baby.

I'm just a little baby, I pray you let me sleep;
Please let me have my own way, for I don't want to weep.
I love to lay and stretch, of Heav'n I love to think,
That sunny home I came from; just one more little wink.

Don't take me in your arms, and keep on rocking me;
That I should be a good child, no reason I can see;
Don't sing so loud, my pink ears are tender little things,
But like a little goldfinch a-flopping of its wings.

Don't kiss me on my lips, do kiss me on my hair;
And, if you'll turn my head around you'll find a bald spot
there;
And when folks come to call, then please don't dress me up
In that long white dress, that's starched from the bottom up
to the top.

And use a soft cloth on my face;
It need not be of finest lace.
And don't come near my nose or eyes,
Dat's why little folks like me cries;
But lay me tenderly in my crib to rest,
To grow, and coo—I love that best.

Jack's Christmas.

Santa is coming, now Jack, go to bed;
It's freezing outdoors, so cover your head.
The wind is howling, the ground is all white,
'Twill be a real Christmas, it may snow all night.
Poor Santa will come, with a bound and a hop,
For he has great stores in his big Christmas shop.
He has rocking horses, balls and tops galore;
The better the boy, so much the more
Will he get, for Santa loves good boys—none that are bad.

Dear mamma, I fink I've been a good boy,
Yes, precious, you are your mother's great joy;
So now go to sleep, my darling, my Jack,
I just heard a noise; oh, Santa, go back,
And come in the morning, for sleep he needs more
Than all the fine toys in Santa's great store;
And she tells of the Christ Child, so humble, so sweet,
That was born in a manger, Hail Thee, we greet.

JACK'S CHRISTMAS

In the morning, Jack woke up and rubbed his blue eyes;
I fink this is surely a great big surprise,
I never 'spected a tree, with lights red and blue,
A sled and some mittens, nuts, and candy, too;
I dest love old Santa; but I dreamed I had found
A dear little playmate, wif cheeks red and round,
All bundled up in your old blue shawl,
Without any hair, dest like a big doll;
Wish I could see Santa; oh, please, call him back,
And say he forgot a playmate for Jack.

Is Marriage a Failure?

Marriage is a problem, at least, so I have heard,
I hope you'll kindly listen, for I, too, have a word;
But it was God's own making; He ne'er can do a wrong;
He deals with us so gently, we know not He is among
Us when we are merely thinking; His Hand is not far away
To guide us to His wishes; though all seems bright as day.

Before you take the leap, think carefully and well;
Don't be in any hurry, it may mean quite a spell.
Then, if you think a partner would to your blessings add,
A home and little children to love and to make glad;
Then make your resolutions, to stand while life shall last,
'Tis but human to err, forgive all that is past.

Though times be turbulent at first, forget it with a smile,
And say softly to yourself, 'twill be better after while;
Should either of you argue about a pretty face
At home, all sanctified with love, is wholly out of place.
What care I if the Sun is gray or blue or red,
All desires for argument, for love of you has fled.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

If you are not blest with worldly goods, you may be blest with
health,

For this I deem far greater than all your pompous wealth.
Your home should be your palace, if it be great or small,
And have sweet flowers blooming in the spring and in the fall;
A little trelliced nook, with creeping vines around,
Where the heart is ever glad to come, and where true love is
found.

A man loves his home, a smile his path to cheer,
A few sweet spoken words, how easy and how clear;
And little arms a-twining around his great big heart,
To kiss and caress him—this is your happy part.
To love and to be loved, what greater happiness is there,
And all these will be yours, if you'll see it right and square.

The days of bleak December, with its hoary white and gray,
A blessed little grandchild, do come with me and play;
To you the name of mother is given from above,
With little arms a-twining, sweet innocents of love.
No, marriage is not a failure. I'm simply here to prove
A home so full of sweetness is sanctified by love.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

But it was God's own making, He ne'er has done a wrong,
He deals with us so gently, we know not He is among
Us when we're merely thinking, His hand is not far away
To guide us to His wishes though all is bright as day.

A Big Red Apple.

There is a great big apple in the top of the tree;
Oh, do come down and be sweet to me;
You have hung there so long, and have tempted my taste
And hope that the birds won't come near you to waste.

When you were aglow with your blossom so white,
I could see from my window in the dead of the night;
The rose blush began, when snow lay around,
And was mixed with your petals all over the ground.

Your tree is so full, but none seems more fair,
Than this one that swings in the morning's pure air;
I have touched the ones I could reach with my arm,
And fear for the storm that is coming to harm.

So come down, my love, your cheeks are so red;
It's you that I want, none other instead;
Come to your sweetheart—I'll wipe off the dust;
Fall down in my lap, for have you I must.

A BIG RED APPLE

I believe you are flirting, so high in the air,
The humming bird and butterfly can fly 'round you there.
I don't want to harm you; believe, me, I could;
I can shake you, and make you, if only I would.

One day shortly after, I saw on the ground
The apple I had worshipped, with others around;
But none was more fair to my mind, I knew,
And none was more rosy and sweeter than you.

Little Mischiefs.

Grandpa's darlings see him coming
Up the hill, they come a running,
Till at length they stop to rest;
Then he thinks how he is blest.
Wholesome love such kisses sweet,
What care they whom they may meet,
For doesn't grandpa always bring
His pockets full of some good thing?

And a story he can tell,
Of the pussy cat that fell in the well,
And of the children that were lost in the wood,
That ran from their home and never were good.
He can tell of the apple tree that grew so tall,
Laden with fruit, that leaned on the wall;
Then of the circus, oh, happy we,
For we are sure we will everything see.

And many more things, I tell you, 'tis so—
For he knows more'n anybody, and 'ats true.
I fink I'll marry grandpa, he pleases me so fine.
The best ain't ever good enough for me to dine.
Our own way we can have, when he comes to stay
To look after us and spend the day.

LITTLE MISCHIEFS

If our toys lay around on our very best floor,
And we pin pictures up on the walls and the door;
The noise that we make—we jump up and down,
On our beautiful sofa, in our parlor of brown.
He didn't say one teentsy bit a word,
For he had a nap, and never has heard.
He looks for his glasses—they are on his nose;
Now this is a fine time for me to propose.
But mother came home, not one word did she say,
Except, you have had a good time today.

When grandpa was gone, we could see by her looks,
Something that's not often written in books.
We got scared as could be—we hustled around,
To put things back in the place we had found;
Now, mammy, don't please say one word to dad,
For this was the best day we ever have had;
We wish you'd have grandpa come every day,
Never to leave us, but come here to stay.
We love you and daddy as much as we can,
But we also love grandpa, he's such a fine man.

Christmas in Norway.

Good Shepherd, I pray Thee, let Santa come
And bring us the things we have asked for so long;
There's Gerald needs shoes, his old ones are too bad,
And an overcoat, a warm one, for the very best dad;
There's Peer, need's a cap, to keep out the cold,
We have looked at one longingly—but it was sold.
And a big bisque doll, for our golden haired sister;
Now please don't forget us, I pray you, Kind Mister,
And don't forget mother; now what does she need;
It seems to take all dad can make, us to feed,
To keep out the cold, the snow is so deep;
Amen, Kind Shepherd, I lay me to sleep.

Santa (Yulenissen) had heard the prayers that he said;
At six Christmas Eve great bundles on the sofa were spread,
First the feasting begins, on roast goose and almond rice,
Even those not as fortunate have everything nice.
Then the candles are lit on the pine tree so bright;
It is indeed a most beautiful sight,
Everyone joins hands and dance 'round the tree,
Singing old songs and laughing—such glee.
Then when the colored lights are burning low
The gifts are distributed with many an Oh!

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

Gifts were substantial, for fathers and mothers,
And more than they prayed for these little brothers,
Some skis and some skates, three pairs of glad eyes,
So full of happiness and full of surprise,
And a golden haired doll, with soft eyes of blue,
Its new little mother lisped, prayers do come true.

This was Christmas Eve in Norway, not a great while ago;
The land of glaciers, ice and snow;
Where reindeers pull Santa over mountains high.
Click, click through the ice covered fjords they fly,
To visit the homes of the Norsemen, so hardy.
They understand, not one minute tardy,

In furs he is wrapped, from his head to his feet,
To protect him from cold, the sharp wind and the sleet.
Sometimes folks ask Santa to come in and dine,
A warm bowl of soup, or some red sparkling wine.

The peasants he visits; there is rarely a year
That he ever misses these children so dear.
He loves them because they are human and kind,
And a more honest people, he knows, hard to find;
The unfortunate are the ones he always loves best,
For the rich, he knows, are already blest.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

Should a tourist over the great mountains get lost,
The Norseman is always a genial host;
The great yulelog in the neat fireplace,
Is lighting the bonde's red, rugged face;
He is rubbing his hands, how cold the weather,
It is time we must go to kirke together;
The bell in the church tower, over the hill,
Is ringing, Peace on Earth, to men good will,

Good Will,
Good Will.

Our Flag.

Father in heaven above,
We offer prayers and love,
For this great land;
Help us to understand
Thy will on ev'ry hand,
This grand and beauteous land
We love so well.

Our banners float on high,
Far in the eastern sky,
Far in the west;
We thank thee for our clime,
Lovely and grand, sublime;
For men of olden time,
Peaceful at rest.

Red, white and blue, my pride,
Furl it on every side;
My love for thee
Stand for the right always,
Stand for the truth, we say;
Honored and blessed, we pray,
Lov'd blessed land.

OUR FLAG

Our valleys and our hills,
Our land with products fills
Our grateful hearts;
Long may this love abide
With us from side to side.
Red, white and blue, my pride
God bless our land.

Love Is a Blossom.

Love is a blossom that blooms in the heart;
The least little jar, it may fall apart.

This blossom is blue, like the heavens above,
Truly the world is full of love.

One naughty word the heart doth sear,
These are the things that one should fear.

Blossom and glow and bloom and bloom,
The time may come—the years of gloom.

Mother love can never die,
Her love has little wings that fly.

The sun by day, the moon by night,
God has created love and light.

And heat and cold, gentle rains and snow,
That blades of green again may grow.

Be glad for the day, dear heart of mine,
And the hands that clasp, and eyes that shine.

LOVE IS A BLOSSOM

There is love in the heart for the birds that fly,
And even a leaf that falls down to die.

So keep your heart blooming full of love
In thankfulness, to heaven above.

The dear forget-me-not, modest and blue,
Is the flower that blooms in my heart for you.

The Three Bears.

I'll tell you a story, children dear,
Of father and mother and baby bear;
They lived on a hill, in the hollow of a tree,
And were as happy as three could well be.

It was autumn, in beautiful October time,
When nuts and persimmons were in their prime;
The leaves were falling—how well they could hear,
If wicked hunters should happen near.

One day the baby bear was left alone,
Asleep in his bed, on leaves of brown;
In his little nest, so cozy and warm,
Dreaming of birds that could never harm.

He woke up suddenly, and screamed aloud,
A rustle in the path—what's this noise about;
In came old bruin, his eyes wet with tears,
They had lived unmolested for many years.

THE THREE BEARS

He ran for his life, he wanted to do his part,
Old mother bear had been shot, straight through the heart;
He had hurried away, his own life to save,
The bullets flew fast—you horrible knave;
And thought of his baby, alone in his bed,
How could he tell him his mammy bear was dead?

Christmas Eve.

Another Christmas Eve is here
Bringing joy and bringing cheer,
Holly branches and mistletoe bring
And the old songs let us sing
Allelujah!

Ring the bells in the church towers,
And let happiness be ours;
For on this day a King was born,
Hail, oh, glorious Christmas Morn!

Let the yule log glow with embers red,
And on your festive tables spread
Peace on earth, good will to men,
Happy day has come again.

To the old and to the young,
In every land and every tongue,
Let Bethlehem's Star much gladness bring,
Light of the World, to Thee we sing.
Allelujah!

Young Innocence.

I have a grandma that is really old and gray,
But I don't care, if she looks that way;
She is always glad as glad can be
When we come to see her, Brother Bill and me.
We live away out in the country you know,
When we get to grandma's, it's hungry we grow;
In her pantry there is always something good to eat,
An orange, an apple, perhaps a soft piece of meat
To put between bread, it surely tastes fine;
There can be none better than that grandma of mine.

Did you have a grandma that would treat you like this?
Always a great big hug, so glad to see you, and a kiss;
But never on my mouth, for she says roses linger there;
Way up on my forehead, think it's very near my hair.
Then she sits and holds me, while Bill leans on her knee,
And then I'm just as happy as I possibly can be;
Then she says, "Now say your prayers, and to your grandma
show
The lines your ma has taught you, and all the verse you know."

YOUNG INNOCENCE

But somehow, when I said "The Lord my Shepherd is,"
She held me so much closer, cause not one word did I miss;
And Bill, he joined, but often missed a line;
He's not three years old, yet, but really doing fine.
I'm going to be a big girl, as sure as you're alive,
When my next birthday comes, then I will be just five,
Then I'm going to wear a long dress and specs, like grand-
ma, too,
And folks will pass and say, Miss Dorothea, how de do.

I'm going to learn to play and sing and be a lady fine,
'Cause I will be real careful and study every line.
And then I'll be too old for dolls, I'll put them on a chair,
For we have been such good friends, think I should treat them
fair;
I'll be too big for hair bows—oh, dear, what shall I do;
Well, I'll go down to grandma's, and settle it with you.

Good By, Daddy.

A scene so sad, so very sad, how can I e'er forget,
They seemed to know each other, whom they had not even met;
The friends of these brave soldiers, in sorrow bent and sore,
For fear these sons have parted, and will never see them more.

Just one more kiss for daddy, dear sweetheart, don't be sad,
When I get to camp, dear, you shall daily hear from dad;
Two lovers stood beside the train, good-bye, a last embrace,
A moment later he was gone; the tears streamed down her face.

And many hearts were aching, and many eyes were dim,
And many prayers were offered; Oh, God, take care of him,
And bring him back in safety, when this great war is o'er,
Then we will be so happy; we will ask for nothing more.

July 18, 1918—On this day 556 men left Kansas City for various
camps, at the Union Station, Kansas City, Mo.

The Bird of Paradise.

The most beautiful birds live where the climate is warm,
Where breezes blow that can do them no harm;
The bird of paradise, most beautiful of all,
In the month of May entertains with a ball,
To show off their plumage, they dance high up in the trees.
Early in the mornings, when all is at peace.

It's the male bird that's bedecked with plumage fine,
How they love to display and sit in the sunshine;
They are the size of a hawk, with head and neck
Like golden velvet all bedecked;
And the sprays of orange colored feathers long
Sometimes two feet, but not very strong;
On each side of the body, under their wings,
These masses of golden plumage springs.

The female is not as fortunate as he,
A throat of green and wings of brown has she,
So glossy and soft, full of pride and dignity,
How gracefully they dance, it's wonderful to see;
And never suspect that the enemy might be near,
To rob them of life—which they, too, hold dear.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE

Now would you have naughty hunters to kill
These beautiful birds, your vanity to fill,
To wear on your hat, or to wear in your hair;
Would you be guilty of these happy lives to dispair?
I'm sure you would not, if you really knew,
Yet this little story, believe me, is true.

My Faithful Shoes.

My good old shoes, it's time that we part,
Although it will nigh break my heart;
You have offended me so, just the other day,
A new home you must find—shall I throw you away?

'Twas a short time ago, a friend came to call,
I was out on the lawn, with the children playing ball;
I begged her excuse me, just one little minute,
She said, please don't dress, fifteen minutes is my limit.

I was so humiliated, how much I cannot say,
For I had decided this should be your last day;
With a knife I had split you on either side,
When I went to the door, my feet I would hide.

True, you are full of comfort, we've been such good friends,
Even if the heels are down at both ends;
She stayed and she stayed, I didn't know quite what she
said;
For you, old shoes, kept running around in my head.

Finally she bade me adieu; I went to the back door,
I flung you away, I don't want you more;
How untidy I looked; I was ready to drop;
I'll put on the new ones, I bought in the shop.

MY FAITHFUL SHOES

And sat down to rest and read a new book,
Oh, how they did hurt, and how cross I did look;
When my husband came home, I was all in tears—
What's the matter, you're older at least, by ten years.

I had to explain the cause, for nerve I had none,
I believe my heart stood still, I saw only one;
The new ones did not prove good friends, I declare,
After a few hours I looked for you there.

Down in the garden, did anyone see
Me pick up my shoe, under the old apple tree?
I wiped you off tenderly and put you on;
Oh, where is the other, I fear it is gone.

To our Collie dog, Bruno, I said, can you tell
Me where my shoe is?—and waited a spell,
Then back he came prancing, in his mouth was my shoe,
I was so glad to see you—none but myself knew.

I must say to you dears, how I wore you with pride,
The day that we called on the beautiful bride;
And down the aisle, in the church, when the bells rang,
And the choir their heavenly hallelujahs sang.

MY FAITHFUL SHOES

When we crossed the Atlantic, Europe to see
The wonders, then truly you were good to me;
For we walked in the mornings, late into the nights,
You gave me much pleasure in seeing the sights.

But somehow or other, since that terrible day,
That such mortals like me should be made of mere clay;
It near breaks my heart in sorrow to lay,
You away in a corner, a short time to stay.

There's nothing like ease, away with your style;
I prefer to laugh, to sing, and to smile;
Old shoes, you're my friends, you've been tried, you are
true,
And I hope, for a while, to still stand by you.

Not Big Like Me.

There's a baby that's come to our house today,
And I understand he came here to stay;
I've prayed for a sister ever so long,
But it's a brother, with lungs lusty and strong.

I can't say that I'm pleased with his pink and red looks,
Although I wanted to show him my books,
He wouldn't look my way, how hard I would try;
He'd pucker his face up and cry and cry.

But mammy says he'll be as big as me
Some day, but somehow I cannot see;
I'm almost a man now, I'm nearly three
On my next birthday in January.

I thought when I prayed for a sister that I
Would have a playmate, not one that would cry;
And one who'd be out in the garden to play
With me, the whole of the livelong day.

I guess I must wait till he really grows,
And gets big like me—heaven only knows,
I'll just call up central, and tell her that we
Have a boy at our house—not big like me.

NOT BIG LIKE ME

And I know she'll be glad, for I called her up
Sometime ago—I said, please don't stop,
But telephone to heaven, my number fifty-seven,
To send me a sister to earth from heaven.

But I can't understand that I ever was small
Like this little fellow, with cap, gown and all;
I'll show him my marbles, my hoop and my sled,
And I'll call him Albert, while you call him Fred.

A Fair Young Bride.

There's none more beautiful or fair
Than this pure maiden standing there,
In her bridal robes, as light as air,
With orange blossoms in her hair.

How rich the scarlet of her lips,
Like the glory that the angel sips;
The contour of her lovely face,
Within the folds of priceless lace.

How glossy the masses of golden hair,
Divinely beautiful at the altar there;
And her wondrous deep brown eyes—
Surely she hails from Paradise.

May never heartaches never pain,
Within your home a queen to reign,
With noble thoughts on your brow so fair,
We ask God's blessings on this pair.

Two Little Red Birds.

There's a birdie at our window,
Tapping just as if he knew
There were happy little children
Where the wind was blowing through;
And they tapped and kept on tapping.
Did they want to come inside?
Their little wings were flapping,
Open up your window wide.

And the children were so happy,
Just to see the birds fly in
Under shelter, under safety,
In the snow storm they had been;
And we fed these little birdies
With soft crumbs of whitest bread;
And they ate, these little sturdies,
Tempted them to go to bed.

In the morning, bright and early,
They were up before daylight;
And they said, peek-peek, to thank us
For the shelter of the night;

TWO LITTLE RED BIRDS

Then we tho't how birds must suffer
In their nest of softest down;
And we looked in a small corner
Laid a little foot so brown.

And no wonder they were tapping
Tapping at our window pane;
For the cruel wind had frozen
Off its little foot—such pain.
Then we thought how birds must suffer
From the cold and from the snow;
And we built a little bird house
That would keep them warm, we know.

Coming Home.

George is coming home, this letter tells me so,
From the camp so far away—how glad and cold I grow.
I have sat at even', when the sun was bending o'er
The west; I can see him, still, go through the open door.

With tears in his eyes, a brave smile upon his face,
I'll be back to you shortly, by His will and His grace;
And today I'll begin to look and to hear
If his wandering feet are coming near.

My heart beats fast, for I hear a sound,
The walk is like his, over the old ground,
And a sound like one whistling—Oh, is it he?
I falter; no, no; it cannot be.

The days glided by slowly, one by one,
At last she hastens—dear son, my son!
The chair that was vacant, again is filled,
And the heart throbs again are stilled, are stilled.

Colorado.

Great and mighty mountains high,
Piercing boldly through the sky;
With snow patched ridges here and there,
Solemn magnificance everywhere.

How majestic there you stand,
Your scenery so bold and grand,
Rivulets foaming, through deep ravines,
Throwing out green and silvery sheens.

Higher and higher up you go,
Where vegetation can never grow;
The snow lies sleeping the year around,
And deep glaciers on its bosom abound.

Great and mighty mountains high,
Piercing through the deep blue sky;
For palette or brush what need have we;
Look out of your window, a picture you'll see.

Mrs. O'Day.

Miss Sigrid Hiland went out one day,
And decided to change her name to Mrs. O'Day;
Mr. Minister tied the knot firmly and strong,
For together they must live—we hope very long.

To housekeeping she set her heart with a vim,
Not to please herself; oh, no, but to please him;
And she is so sweet for this good man to possess,
She is winsome and brave, and will a home bless.

We wish you all joy that this world can give,
And for many years together, happy will live;
Let His way be your way, don't vary a bit,
Then your hearts forever will be by holiness lit.

To My Beloved Parents.

In Memoriam.

On your resting place I spread today
Sweet blossoms on your bed of clay;
Alas, what more here can I do
But pray, dear ones, for both of you.

The sun is setting in the west,
With glowing colors you are blest;
Thus here I stand, the declining day,
With birds about you still at play.

At night the stars shine over your bed,
And silvery moonbeams over head,
To guide your souls to heaven above,
Where all is peace, eternal love.

The meek, weeping willow sings the requiem
To the birds that it shelters at night in their dream,
And the wind wails softly over head,
Sobbing and sighing—they are dead.

Divorced.

My divorce has been granted this very day,
With no one to scold, I can do what I may;
My heart seems to flutter, how happy I feel,
It will take some time this great wound to heal.

My dear Mrs. Smith, good morning to you,
I have heard about a divorce, is it really true?
Well, I'm awfully sorry, now what can I do
To lessen your burden, for your children and you.

He seemed so proud of you, when you would go out
In the warm summer evenings, to ride about;
Such love looks he'd give you; now how can this be
To break up a home, I pray you, tell me.

It was this way, when I married him I didn't know
How to cook or keep house, not even to sew;
My parents were old—so it fell to me
To help support them—now, do you see?

I toiled and worked early and late,
And nearly deplored my unfortunate fate.
When I laid them away, I was left alone,
Friends I had few—oh, how I did mourn.

DIVORCED

Then after a year he came into my life,
All was peace and harmony, no thought of strife;
And blessings were added when our children came;
The harder he worked, so anxious for fame.

Then, after a time, he was so hard to please;
In his presence I scarcely could feel at ease,
For I didn't do one little thing for him right,
Until I wished he was far out of sight.

And this thing kept on, it near drove me wild;
I felt so small—just like a wee child;
I resented his words and told him that I
Would not live with him longer—and sooner would die.

He sneered and he laughed; yes, work for pay
From early till late, the whole blessed day;
I gave you this home, what more can I do;
I have worked and worked for my children and you.

When I would mention a trip in the summer to go
Just anywhere, I'd say—you need it, you know,
What nonsense he'd say; I'm well as can be;
A vacation for me? Well, that I can't see.

DIVORCED

Well, that is the way we wrangled, till I
Was so unhappy I wanted to fly;
Perhaps this sounds trivial to you, but to me
It seems as big as the great open sea.

But I understand, my dear little friend,
That he's been to call, and some gifts did send;
And the great loads of coal he sent you last week,
Surely you thanked him—some kind word did speak?

Yes, and he gave me this home; he provided well
For his little family—I can safely tell
We never suffered for a want or a care
When the time came around, it was always there.

Before I go, do call the children in,
It's so long since I've seen them. Why, Minnie, how thin
You have grown; why, Charlie, how small
And pale you are; do have your doctor call.

The boy's fever was high—he calls in his pain,
Oh, papa, dear, papa, come kiss me again.
The door softly opens, a lov'd voice in the hall,
In his arms he clasps her, his best friend, his all.

DIVORCED

Years have passed; yes, truly, they are happy now;
The glad days of youth are gone, somehow,
But on her face a sweet smile is lingering there,
And sweet contentment is found everywhere.

And Charlie has grown to be straight and tall;
And Min's little one, the youngest of all,
Lies in his crib, such a sweet little lad
That is watched over happily by grandma and grand-dad.

Mother.

Mother, you nursed me at your breast,
And gave of yourself, your very best;
Your anxiety, care and watchful nights,
When all was still you would turn on the lights
To see I was snugly covered in bed
Long after my little prayers were said.

When I went to school you would help me so much,
When my lessons were hard—but your soft touch
Would ease it all, for I leaned on your word,
It was always the dearest I ever have heard;
My heart beats fast, when I think how dear
You always were to your children here.

Truth and obedience was always your aim,
Mother, mother, how fair is your name;
How grateful I am I can scarcely say,
Though you are gone away, far away,
Singing the Miserere, I still see you there,
Rocking your child with tenderest care.

MOTHER

Mother love is strong, many a sorrow, many a tear;
When all else fails, her love is still there;
And she'll go to the end of the earth for you.
So noble, so gentle—none kinder and true;
Yes, you were my first friend—why should I not love
To pray for your soul that is called above.

Ascension Day.

We sailed away one fair March day,
From Norway's shore so far away
To a new land; our hopes were high;
Oh, what have we done; oh, my; oh, my;
Left father and mother and dear friends on shore,
Perhaps never to see them more.
We sailed and sailed many miles over the sea,
And prayed God to protect my children and me.

The icebergs surrounded our ship one night;
The captain shouted no water in sight,
Like mountains around us, we are here to stay;
It may be a week, it may be a day.
We looked at each other in mute horror and dread,
Should the days go by, who would give us bread?
Nearly three weeks went by, no help in sight,
Each man was willing to do his mite.

At sunrise the captain called with a shout,
Out of these icebergs, we must get out;
I was up on the mast, I see water ahead;
The sun is high and looks quite red;
Today is Ascension Day, all come, kneel and pray
That we will be out of here before close of day.
Weeping and sobbing they knelt on the floor,
And prayed as they never had prayed before.

ASCENSION DAY

Now, my men, get an ax or a saw, cut the ice;
Make a path for our ship. To work, time flies;
They labored untiringly for hours; 'twas hard work,
It meant much suffering if this work they should shirk,
Then when they were through, all panting and cold;
They were drawn up by ropes into the ship's hold.

Now, my men, be steady; shove with all your might;
For, if it's God's will, we will be in the light.
The ship moves; what's creaking; oh, what a roar;
Today it's life or death; what can be done more;
Mothers clung to their children and clasped them real fast,
For this is a day of days, it may be the last.
The foghorn blows; I trembled with fear
For my little ones and my husband, so dear.

I hugged them closely to my heart,
We are saved, we are saved, I heard with a start;
Do my ears hear aright; I laugh and I cry,
For I was ready this day to die.
God heard our prayers; ah! can it be
That we are again sailing out on this wide sea?
Such laughing, such shouting, no time to weep;
Only to dance and sing; no time for sleep.

ASCENSION DAY

The dignified and glad captain took a hand in the game,
From hearty congratulations his right arm was lame;
But three hundred souls, with God's help, he had saved
From the towering bergs and a briny grave.

This really happened in April, 1865, in the northern part of the Atlantic ocean. The ship was an old fashioned sailing vessel and under ordinary circumstances would have required three to four weeks time from Bergen, Norway, to Montreal, Canada.

Passengers were compelled to carry enough bread for their entire families, to last for the whole trip, which of course, would become hard and dry. Many icebergs have nearly vertical walls, often more than one hundred feet. These floating mountains of ice sometimes have very fantastic shapes. It is not safe for a ship to come near one, and it is no uncommon thing for an iceberg to suddenly turn upside down. How things have changed since then! One can go the same distance in about twelve days. We were seven weeks crossing at that time on account of the anxious and terrible stay in the icebergs.

I'm glad to be here in this great land and to tell you this story of my youth.

Your Star.

How deep and wide the ocean;
 No eye its depths hath seen
What secrets there are hidden,
 Below the briny green.

There are numberless living creeping things,
 Both great and small,
And mermaids, too, that sweetly sing;
 It's Him that made them all.

Should you up in the heavens gaze,
 Their duplicates you'll find;
The world is still a closed book,
 Each living thing of every kind.

Yet do we ever think how weak,
 How helpless, how small we are;
And as I sit and ponder,
 Are we likened to a star?

A Moth.

A moth flew into my room last night,
Where the flame turned all into gorgeous light;
It flew 'round about till it finally came
Too near; for it was a cruel flame
And never stopped till it fell to the floor,
All seared and misshapen; it hopped to the door
There it lay, breathing its last,
For love of a flame its life was past.

Lonely.

One day Nicodemus lay down and died,
And his good little wifey cried and cried.
A few days after he was laid away
Under the sod—deep down in the clay.

The days were so long, how lonely was she,
For he died in the autumn; not a green tree;
She took out his clothes and brushed them so neat,
And patched his pants right over the seat.

Then she called in a neighbor, and opened the door,
And showed her the clothes Nicodemus "had wore;
And his poor old socks she broidered in brown;"
Such a good man was he—they weeping sat down.

When he was alive, I had so much to do,
The days were so short I never got through;
And when I get lonely, perhaps I have missed
To put on a button or a patch I have kissed.

Playtime.

Old age is the time to watch and pray,
And to prepare for the coming day.

Your workday is over—rest and be glad,
This is your playtime—do not be sad.

Your hair is turned from brown to gray,
And the little ringlets softly play.

And hold a wee dear one close to your heart,
Singing a lullaby—this is your part.

And see the blue smoke curl over your head
From your golden meerschaum; gladness doth shed.

And the song of the birds, again spring is here,
Bringing to all the time we hold dear.

And old recollections your memory doth fill,
Of youth, full of fire—you remember still.

And the dear ones around you, full of love,
Are preparing the way to Heaven above.

My Lillian.

My lovely, sweet Lillian, with eyes so brown,
And hair like the softest of thistledown;
I clasp you, my darling, close to my heart,
And pray that heaven will never us part.

My joy you are, truly, I love you so much,
And hope no rude winds will ever you touch;
My child, may God bless you, His tenderest care,
To watch over you gently, my dear one so fair.

Swope Park.

Mother, dear, do let us go
Out to Swope Park; now don't say no;
We love the green, the flowers, the trees,
The humming birds, the bumble bees.

The silvery lake, the running stream,
Last night I saw it in my dream;
The sky is bluer, the keen air
Is more invigorating there.

Oh mother, dear, it is such fun
Out on the grassy slopes to run
The birds sing sweetly in the trees,
And listen to the whispering breeze.

The frisky rabbits run around
For bits of food that's to be found
Over land and meadow free
Where sweet blossoms and the bee

Boldly sucks the honey out,
From flower to flower they fly about.
And the Sun in golden streams
Over more than twelve hundred acres beams.

SWOPE PARK

And the Zoo, mother, it's free,
And intended for such as you and me.
At last a basket is filled with a lunch,
Under the waving trees to munch.
So happy, out in God's pure air,
Is sweet, sweet joy for this dear pair.

A Letter to a Friend.

My Dear Mrs. Gowey: How are you, pray? I can guess you are enjoying the breeze from the bay, while we are most uncomfortable. Be glad you are there, in your home in Seattle, where heat need not give you a care. Daughter is all settled now in her home so neat, with her husband and her two children sweet. They left for the country a few days ago, and left me their son to care for, you know. But daughter got lonesome and wanted her boy. So dad took his hopeful to her with great joy. Nothing has happened on this dear little street since the day that you left it, at least nothing great. The same neighbors sit on their porches at night, trying to find a breeze, perhaps a stray one, real light. I'll close now and hope that these lines will fall into the hands of your dear self and all. We think of you often in your home far away, and hope you'll be well and happy; and say, here's a kiss, and goodby, and hope you will find the time to write me; now do be kind.—Very cordially yours, D.

Sweet Sixteen.

I feel quite old today, do you know;
Mother thinks it's time I should learn to sew.
Then to the dry goods store I went,
Straight to the bargain counter bent.

Goods for a waist was hard to find,
Just what was suited to my mind.
At last I decided on some cloth of blue
With roses and violets of gorgeous hue.

Now home I did hasten, to cut it out,
And put my mind on what I was about;
My, but wasn't it hard to work, to sew and to baste,
My sleeves went in wrong six times in my haste.

Mother praised my work, for a rest I might go
To a dear little neighbor, who lives just below;
And wasn't I proud, when she said I looked grand;
That 'twas but a matter of time, I'd be quite a hand.

A Soldier's Son.

I'm going to be a man, now that father is called away;
I'll begin to do as he did in our home this very day;
I'm only twelve years old, but I'll do my very best
To make it happy day by day and give mamma a rest.

I'll bring the wood and coal in, when I come home from school,
And go down to the spring and bring the water cool;
I'll milk the cow, and feed the pigs, as father used to do;
I know he'll say, when he gets back, "My son, I'm proud of you."

Two miles to walk to school 'twill mean an early rise;
Folks seem to say I'm small yet—but work, I don't despise;
Before Dad went away, he laid his hand upon my head,
"My son, take care of mother, sister Lillian and Fred."

I'm glad I have a father, that is so brave and strong,
I'm going to be like him, the time will not be long;
I will not be a slacker, I'll do all that I can;
It never will be my fault if I don't grow up a man.

An Old Clock.

I'm an old wooden clock, on the mantel I stand,
Pointing the hours with my slender hand;
Tick-tock I say, all day and and night through,
If you'll wind me I'll even waken you;
I never smile, I look always the same,
For I'm caged up in this old wooden frame.

I keep on going, year in and year out,
For I know just what I am about;
It's not much time that you give me to wind me,
But that I demand, I'll not run till you wind me,
For I can be just as still—not a sound
Will escape me until with the key I am wound.

You must handle me gently, I am easily shaken,
If you don't I to the clocksmith must be taken;
I'm heavy, even though I'm not very large,
For the larger the clock, the smaller the charge;
And the times are quite hard, at least so they say,
I work for love of you, but folks work for pay.

AN OLD CLOCK

My springs are the finest of steel from the north,
From the mountains of Norway I was brought forth;
The fjords of that country for centuries have washed me,
Till I'm the bluest of steel, none better there can be;
How I came out here, I can guess, I suppose,
And I have been faithful, as everyone knows.

And this wooden frame, from a far away land,
Is from the black forests, so stately and grand,
And carved in old Switzerland, so now you can see
I'm really as costly as I can be;
And, with your consent, on this mantel I'll stand,
And solemnly point the hours with my slender hand.

A Wedding Anniversary.

'Twas many years ago, my dear, do you remember?
And how bitter cold it was, the twenty-fourth of December,
When we plighted our troth, for better, for worse,
When I promised to obey—and in sickness to nurse;
When you said yes, I take thee to be my wedded wife,
To have and to hold, for the rest of my life,
To love and to cherish, 'til death us do part;
Today I repeat the same—my old sweetheart.
Sweetheart of my youth, sweetheart you are yet,
And sweetheart from the time when first we met;
Life seems more sweet now, with you by my side;
Even before I was your little bride.
Today I thrice promise, till death us do part,
Till we're wedded in heaven, sweetheart, dear heart.

Sing.

Sing, you happy children, sing;
It makes you glad for everything.
Sing from morning to the night,
Everything will seem more bright;
And for health there's nothing better,
Open your lung cells, do not fetter.
If you want to be well and great and strong
When you are older, the world among,
Then sing, just sing, I pray you, sing;
There will be sweet harmony in everything,
 Just sing.

Kindness.

Kindness has no value true,
Only a sweet smile will do;
Don't you think the kindly touch
Of the hand, it don't seem much.

Yet it means more than one can tell,
It is a time that is spent well.
Let us not forgetful be,
These little kindnesses to see.

Teach us purity and love,
Lend thy light from heaven above;
To you, and me, sweet peace divine,
That goodness from our hearts may shine.

Roses.

Roses, roses, dear fair roses,
In your heart sweet scent reposes;
In the morning when the dew
Trickles diamonds down on you.

Then you lift your head with pride,
You can adorn a fair June bride,
But your life, so short, so fair,
Is dried up by noonday air.

But others come out by your side,
And open up their petals wide;
Life is but short, so let us throw
Sunshine and roses where we go.

There Is a Time.

Life is so serious, life is so grand,
Just look about on every hand;

There is heat to make vegetation grow,
When the sun shines out in golden glow.

Can you make the chrysanthemum bloom in the spring?
No, there is a time and place for everything.

Does the fruit tree bear when the weather is cold?
It's the kiss of the sun that makes it unfold.

In summer to grow, in winter to sleep;
Below glaciers gay colored flowers peep.

A time to eat, a time to sleep,
A time to laugh, a time to weep.

The ceaseless tides that ebb and flow;
Their reason and wherefore, dost thou know?

A time to work, a time to pray,
To ask God's blessings on the day.

A time to plant, a time to reap;
At night the stars their vigil keep.

A time for frost, a time for dew;
These are nature's changes, always new.

THERE IS A TIME

A picture today, you may love and adore,
In the passing of time, will you care for it more?

A time to dance, a time to sing,
A time to be glad for everything.

The song of the wind is singing to you,
Moaning and whistling the whole night through.

Can we make our destinies for weel or for woe?
Are we not created to be just so?

For good or for evil, is there a hand that guides,
All things are for good, none else besides.

Plants bend toward the sun to thrive and to grow,
Are the stars reflected in the afterglow?

There is a time to mate for the birds that fly;
Can we see all with the naked eye?

This law is as firm as the mountains that stand,
Truly the world "somewhere has a firm hand."

There is a time to laugh, a time to sigh;
And there will come a time to lie down and die.

Rural Baptizing Years Ago.

A good and noble friend invited us to come
And bring the family along, to spend the month of June.
We planned and talked trip, both night and day,
Until the time came, we would be on our way.
We packed a basket full of good things to eat
On the train, for the children, was happiness complete.
In the afternoon at four, we reached our destination,
Looking around, there was no one at the station
To meet us with family small.
Was our letter miscarried or lost in the mail?

A man on a horse came leisurely riding so light;
Can you direct us to the home of Mr. White?
It's three miles from here—take the road to the right;
And walk we must, there was nothing else in sight.
We arrived there safely, 'twas a small home, but neat,
Nestled away under pine trees so sweet.
There wasn't a screen on windows or doors,
Not even a mat on any of the floors.
A sturdy farmer, he declared a home to make
For his family; but hard work it would take.

RURAL BAPTIZING YEARS AGO

A church deacon called one cool Friday night,
And said he wanted to have the right
To have a baptizing in the lake next Sunday at eleven,
For their minister had many souls to bring to heaven.
Mr. White said the water in many places was deep,
Especially such and such a place; must open eyes keep;
The place that he mentioned was a very deep hole,
You will have to be careful—I'll prepare a long pole.
Sunday morning dawned, not a cloud to be seen,
And the weeds all around had been mowed down and clean;
Many wagons drove in full of good people
Who were going to praise God without a church or a steeple.

Out in the open, a gorgeous blue canopy, and the sun
Was warm and delicious, this day in June.
The minister looked pale, I thought, as he stood there.
The services began, a few words and a prayer;
Then an old man sang out, after giving thanks
With a trill in his voice on Jordan's stormy banks.
They all joined in and sang this way and that,
And another good friend passed 'round the hat.
The minister held to the pole, and the Good Book,
And began to descend into the water. I shook
From my head to my heels, in every limb,
I was very much troubled in watching him.
The next cautious step he took I let out a yell,
I was nervous true, I'm ashamed to tell;
I heard Farmer White say, only two nights before,
Be very careful, not too far from shore.

RURAL BAPTIZING YEARS AGO

People said this fine minister was mighty brave,
Such a good man of the gospel, these poor souls to save;
The baptizing went on; each one received tender care
By the friends who lived in the neighborhood there.
When the last amen was said, I lifted a prayer
And a deep sigh, for His merciful and tender care.
It was all so simple, out on the green.
To a more solemn service I never have been.
They dined and feasted, the sun went to rest;
Each wended their way to the home they loved best.

This was the beginning, but it was not the last,
They have built up a church, and many years have passed.
The days glided by, our visit came to an end
Only too soon, we parted our mutual friend;
Then we bade them to remember our latch key was always
outside;
Do come and make a visit, and we'll show you our town, with
much pride.

Leaving the Old Home

We are leaving the old home that has sheltered us long,
Its walls have recorded many a tear, many a song.
How can I leave you, sweet home, for the new;
We have been such good friends, some years, it is true.
I know every corner, from the attic down,
And also the cellar; dear house, painted brown.

This chair I have sat in, is creaky and old;
I cannot give up, though you offer me gold.
This bureau, and bedstead, is old fashioned, too,
All painted white, with wide panels of blue;
And morning glories entwined, with roses so pink,
With my babes in my arms, sweet memories link.

In this bed our children first saw light of day,
Where we taught them, Our Father, at even to pray;
I'll go out tonight and ask Venus, the star,
Fair Queen of the Heavens, will I my happiness mar?
And if she is blinking, I'll know it means yes,
And will shine in my windows, my new home to bless.



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